

Canadian ART

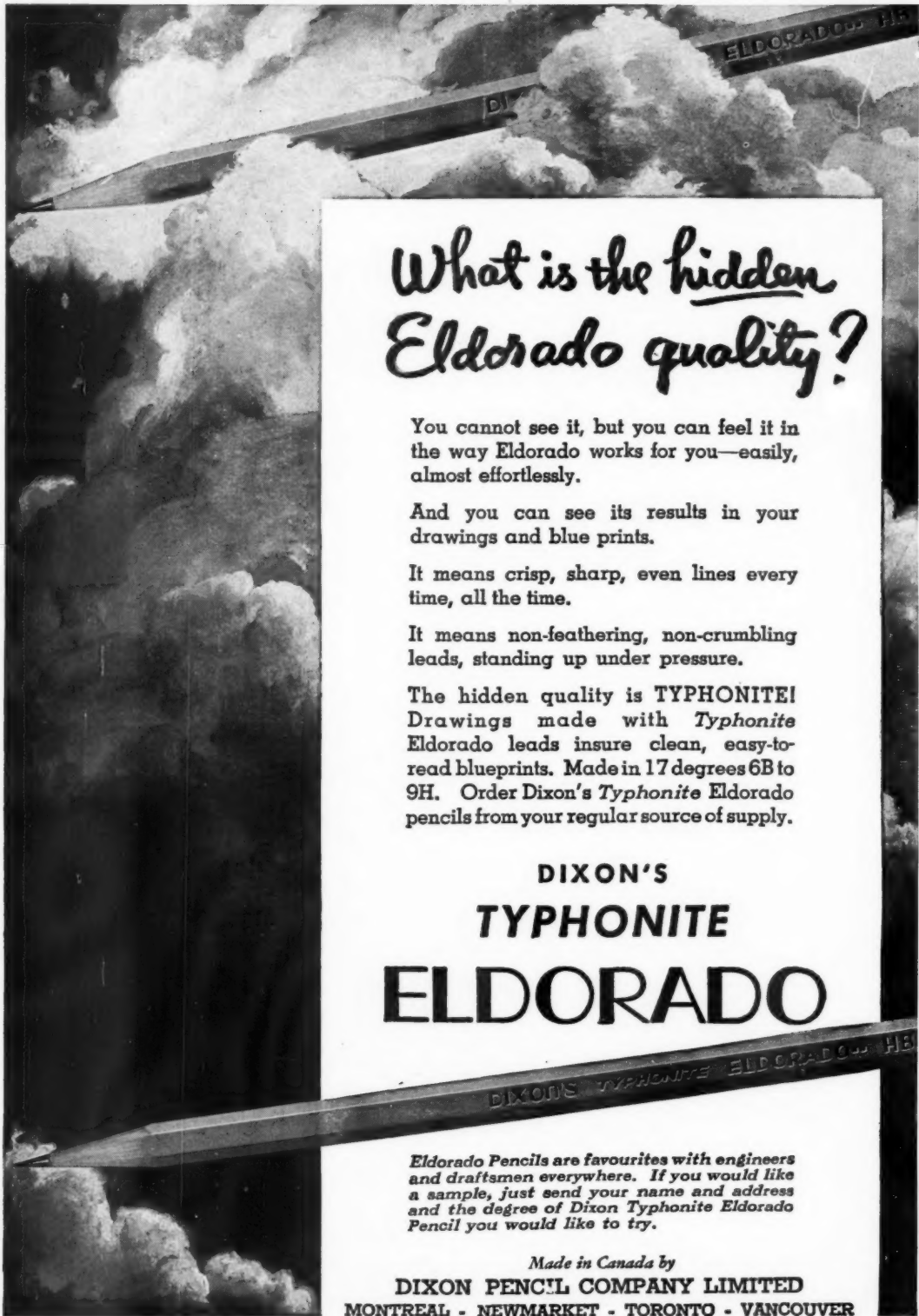


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This painting, Archie in a Blue Shirt, by Goodridge Roberts is one of the works included in the Canadian section of the Bienal of Sao Paulo, Brazil

CANADIAN ART

Autumn Number

FILIPPINO LIPPI—IMPORTANT PANELS FOR CANADA	Page 3
A. Y. JACKSON—A RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION	4
REMINISCENCES OF ARMY LIFE 1914-1918 by A. Y. Jackson	6
PRAIRIE METAMORPHOSIS by Donald W. Buchanan	10
THE SASKATCHEWAN ARTS BOARD by Robert Ayre	14
VANCOUVER ARTISTS DESIGN FOR THE BALLET	by Guy Glover 16
THE ART OF MARTHE RAKINE by Joseph A. Baird	19
WHAT HAVE AMATEURS DONE TO CANADIAN ART?	by George Elliott 23
CONTEMPORARY MURAL PAINTINGS FROM WESTERN CANADA by J. L. Shadbolt, René Boux and Donald W. Buchanan	25
WHERE TO EXHIBIT 1953-54	31
COAST TO COAST IN ART	32
NEW BOOKS ON THE ARTS	35
THE ART FORUM	39

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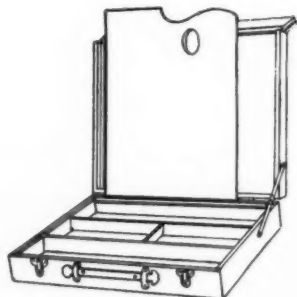
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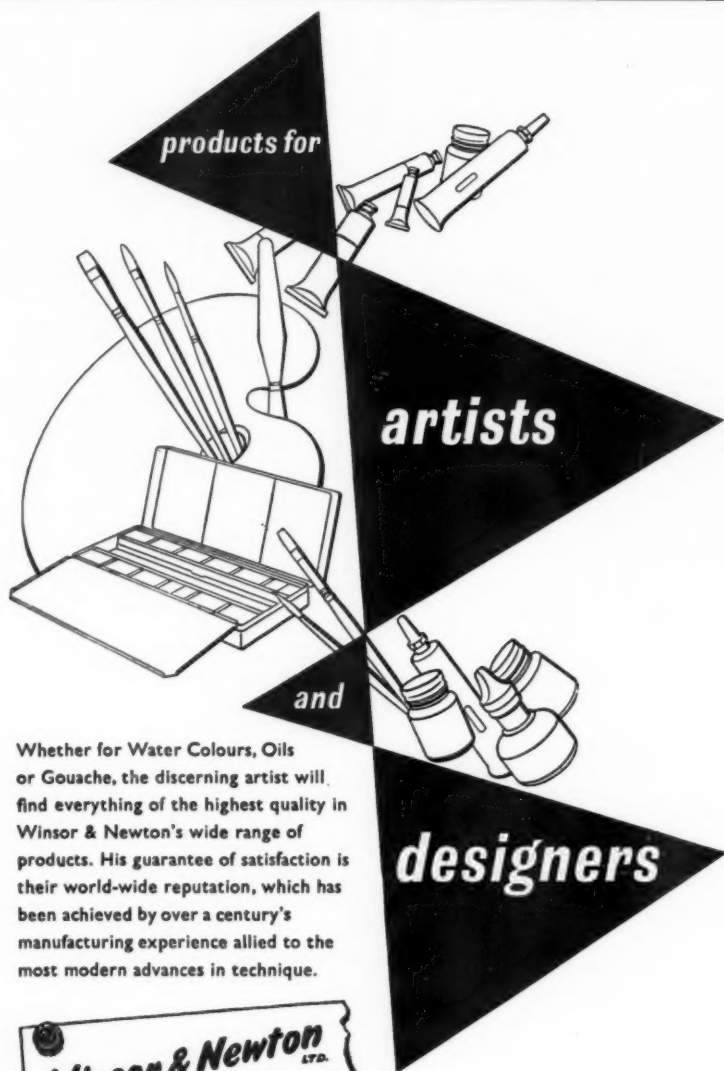
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**THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA
OTTAWA**



FILIPPINO LIPPI. *Mordecai led by Haman.* The National Gallery of Canada

Filippino Lippi — Important Panels for Canada

BOTTICELLI had long been represented in the collection of the National Gallery of Canada, but no works by either his teacher, Filippo Lippi (the friar of Browning's poem) or Lippi's son, Filippino, were to be found in Canada's capital. But now the gap has been partly filled by the recent acquisition of two important panels by Filippino Lippi. These show how close his relationship with Botticelli was. After the death of his father in 1469, Filippino, who was then only 12 years old, was taken into the workshop of Botticelli in Florence and so he grew up and his early art developed within the beneficent aura of that great painter. In fact, in works such as these two, *Esther at the Palace Gate* and *Mordecai led by Haman*, which were done when he was only 21, it sometimes is difficult to tell pupil from master.

In his later years, Filippino's style became more mannered and complicated and less restrained. These panels, however, represent the simplicity and freshness of his youth; they also demonstrate that emphasis on perspective, on soft colours and pearly light, which were so typical of Florentine painting of the Early Renaissance.

The technique is the usual one for panel paintings of the fifteenth century, egg tempera on a gesso ground. The subjects are unusual, as representations of the Esther story are very rare in the history of art. The one panel shows Esther before the gate of King Ahasuerus' palace (Esther 2: 15-16); the other, Mordecai in royal apparel leaving the palace after his escape from the mischief of Haman, who is now obliged to lead his horse (Esther 6: 11).



FILIPPINO
LIPPI

*Esther at the
Palace Gate*

*The National Gallery
of Canada*



A. Y. Jackson on a visit to Georgian Bay this summer

During the first world war, when J. E. H. MacDonald, Tom Thomson and Arthur Lismer painted the murals in Dr. James McCallum's cottage on that island in Georgian Bay which figures so prominently in the story of the Group of Seven, A. Y. Jackson was overseas and so he did not participate in the project. Carrying on the tradition, H. R. Jackman of Toronto, the new owner of the island, invited Jackson this summer to fill the gap with a mural of his own. He painted two panels and, when they were installed, visitors came from miles round to do the veteran painter honour. This photograph was taken at that time for Weekend by Paul Rockett.

A. Y. Jackson — A Retrospective Exhibition

On Thursday, October 22, an event of historic importance will take place at the Art Gallery of Toronto. On that date the Governor General of Canada, the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey, C.H., on his first official visit to the Art Gallery of Toronto since his appointment as the Queen's representative in this country, will open a retrospective exhibition of the work of A. Y. Jackson. These paintings will be shown at the National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa during the month of December.

ALEXANDER Young Jackson, with his fellow members of the Group of Seven, was in a real sense a pioneer and discoverer. His predecessors had painted, with subdued palettes, a Canada which was pastoral, almost European, a Constable-like land of gentle meadows and streams. To Jackson this was not the true Canada. For him it was a country where nature was an overwhelming force which controlled and compelled man, rather than the reverse. The long winters were cruel and merciless, and yielded their sway reluctantly to a muddy and dismal spring. Even the summers in the rocky terrain of northern Ontario seemed windy and cold. Only in the autumn did the natural forces seem to relax a little, and, in the glowing brilliance of the October sunshine, display a beauty which was so inspiring as to make one forget everything that had gone before.

That his frank documentation, his rich

unmixed colours and unconventional forms should, in the nineteen-twenties, have been a shock to his fellow Canadians is not surprising. After thirty years, however, Jackson has succeeded to the extent that they not only recognize his view of the northland as the true one, but also recognize it as their own. For them, now, his paintings have captured and put on canvas the indefinable feelings and sensations which they, too, have experienced, but which, lacking his genius, they have been unable to express. His work conveys the spirit of latent Canadian pride and of a heritage that belongs to Canada alone.

Because of this he is beloved of Canadians from coast to coast and it is fitting that his work should be honoured, in his seventy-second year, by a large retrospective exhibition. The Art Gallery of Toronto with the co-operation of the National Gallery of Canada has in the past organized comprehensive exhi-

bitions that showed retrospectively the work of recognized Canadian painters in full detail and scope. The exhibition of Jackson's paintings will be the fourth of such exhibitions; the previous ones were devoted to Emily Carr, Lawren Harris and Arthur Lismer.

They have all been accompanied by carefully documented catalogues that serve as a guide to the actual exhibition and later as a work of reference for the identification of individual canvases. Moreover, the catalogues have contained essays by close friends or fellow artists which will always retain the freshness and controversial bias of eyewitness accounts. For the Jackson exhibition, Arthur Lismer, as a close friend and fellow member of the Group of Seven, has written the foreword to the catalogue.

Some eighty canvases and thirty sketches will make up the exhibition. They will be selected from over five hundred paintings and two thousand sketches which the artist has completed and which depict scenes from places as separated as Algoma in Ontario and Great Slave Lake in the North West Territories to Picardy in France and somewhere in Quebec in early spring. Having travelled and

painted in such diverse sections of the world, his paintings themselves are scattered far and wide, milestones, so to speak, of Jackson's wanderings. The task of both collecting and choosing the pictures has, therefore, been a difficult one, but every effort has been made to select those establishing his highest achievement as well as those whose value is in representing scores of related paintings. Such a task would have been quite impossible without the ready co-operation and willingness of the owners to lend the paintings which A. Y. Jackson is most anxious to show, and for this the Art Gallery of Toronto is, indeed, grateful. The majority of the lenders not only own a Jackson canvas, but count him as a friend, and the prompt response to requests is an enviable record of the respect and affection which Jackson has won over the years.

The reception accorded the three previous Canadian one-man exhibitions indicates their popularity. They have attempted, as will that of A. Y. Jackson, to focus public attention on painters who have made a significant contribution to painting in this country and to the general Canadian heritage.

A. Y. JACKSON. *Algoma, November*

The National Gallery of Canada



Reminiscences of Army Life, 1914-1918

A. Y. JACKSON

AT THE end of 1914, recruiting for the army seemed less urgent; many people still believed that the Germans would collapse or that the blockade would force them to quit. Yet war had a depressing effect on the arts and the rather meagre patronage we enjoyed almost dried up.

In Montreal, William Brymner, conducting the Art Association classes, was perhaps the only artist making a decent living. Maurice Cullen was running a one-man campaign to depict Canadian landscape without modifying it to please conventional tastes. Albert Robinson found a job in a munitions plant. Randolph Hewton was in the 24th Battalion about to go overseas. For a short time I looked after a life class for William Clapp who was ill, then went to Emileville, Quebec, where I had worked two years previously, and painted several canvases out of doors.

At the railway station one morning I heard the first news of the battle of St. Julien, and all the wishful thinking about the war being of short duration was over. I remember a poster which ended any doubts I had about enlisting. "You said you would go when you are needed. You are needed now." Lawren Harris wanted me to take a commission and offered to defray all expenses. I knew nothing about soldiering and decided to start at the bottom as a private in the infantry.

I enlisted in the 60th Battalion. We were a mixed lot and looked pretty tough before being issued uniforms. We moved to Valcartier for training; recruiting was still going on and the newspapers were running articles about the fine type of men joining our battalion. When a eulogistic article appeared about a well known artist who had joined "the 60th", my platoon commander was so embarrassed he started calling me Mr. Jackson.

We were not all heroes or idealists,—the conversation was seldom over your head. Religion, patriotism, culture were not discussed at all, but there was goodwill, a rough sense of humour, and a spirit of independence

that resisted too much regimentation. Our captain, Fred Shaughnessy, was a prince. He knew the name of every man in the company and we all regarded him as a personal friend.

After 38 years one still looks back with a glance of affection and admiration for many old comrades, whose names live in one's memory, Aspinall, Mackay, Woolgar, Jimmy Baird, who after three years in the line was killed the day of the armistice, and Teddy Eaton, a youngster of sixteen, who later as a pilot brought down a dozen German planes. Teddy was my first convert to the arts. We had to draw defence plans of the Valcartier district. In Teddy's plan under the heading, "military information", he indicated a farm house where chocolate bars and soft drinks were obtainable.

The times were not favourable to art. Apart from a few diagrams and enlargements from maps of the sectors we were in there was no chance of recording anything. But Flanders in early spring was beautiful,—Ypres by moonlight and weird landscapes under the light of flares or rockets. My opportunity to paint came through getting "a blighty" at Maple Copse in June, 1916.

At the end of a long miserable journey in a hospital train I found myself in a landscape which looked familiar, sand dunes and clumps of pine; I realized we were coming into Etaples where I had painted previously for over a year when I had been studying in France. Some months earlier I had seen it announced that McGill was to establish a hospital unit in Etaples, and this was where I landed. My old friend Baker Clack and his wife were still living there, and through a friendly chaplain I managed to send word to them. Clack's first question was "Where were you hit, Jacky?" I said "A bullet in the shoulder." He looked incredulous. "Perhaps you have forgotten but from Montreal you wrote me last year that you would probably be landing in Etaples with a bullet in your shoulder".

A. Y. JACKSON

Riaumont

*The National
Gallery of Canada:
Canadian War
Memorials Collection*



Then on to various hospitals, Norwich, Brundell, Epsom, then three months light duty in the army post-office at Hastings. It was rather a mess. No one with post-office experience was wanted. A bricklayer, a motorman, a gardener, a boxer. My old friend Woolgar who was an electrician landed there, too. Every week in the way of recreation we went to see Pearl White in *The Iron Claw*, which was running as a motion-picture serial.

After that I went to the Reserve Battalion at Shoreham, not a pleasant memory, not enough food and too many military police, also soldiers who were mostly casualties, being drilled and disciplined by men who had not been in France. Then a letter from J. E. H. MacDonald telling me about "the empty canoe" and an artist missing in far away Algonquin Park. The thought of getting back to the north country with Thomson and going further afield on painting trips after the war was over had until now always buoyed me up.

One evening the sergeant-major came over. "An officer to see you, Jackson, at my place." It was Captain Fosbery. I saluted and stood to attention. "Forget all that stuff, Jackson, we're just two artists." He told me about the Canadian War Records which were being formed.

He had been wounded and had just been to see Lord Beaverbrook who was the organizer. He went to the Red Cross office and the girl at "information" was my old friend Lilius Torrance (later Newton) and she knew where I was. A few days later I received orders to report to London for an interview with Lord Beaverbrook. At the Shoreham station I bought *Canada in Flanders* written by his lordship and read it on the way to London.

I waited at the War Records office till he came in. The conversation was brief. "So you are an artist. Are you a good artist?" "That's not for me to say, sir". "Have you any of your work with you?" "I have been in the infantry over two years and can't carry it with me." "Can you find any of your work?" "I might find some examples in the *International Studio*". "The Studio? What's that?" I explained it was an art magazine and he advised me to try to find some copies. "So you're in the 60th Battalion; your colonel doesn't like me." "That's no concern of mine." "Have you read my book?" "Yes, sir."

So to the office of *The Studio* where an obliging clerk looked up some back numbers with articles on my work which I took to



A. Y. JACKSON

*Vimy Ridge
from Souchez Valley*

Opposite page:

Corporal Kerr, V.C.

*The National
Gallery of Canada:
Canadian War
Memorials Collection*

the Hyde Park Hotel to show his lordship. They were very flattering write-ups and he was impressed. I did not tell him they were written by my old friend Mortimer Lamb.

I went back to Shoreham just in time to get mixed up in a mutiny. The whole company I was in refused to go on parade. When word came through that I was to report for duty with the Canadian War Records I was happy to get away from Shoreham.

I had to see Lord Beaverbrook again. I waited in his office where his little secretary, Sergeant Alexander, had his mail all arranged in piles of great and lesser importance. He was poised with his note book ready when his lordship blew in. He looked over the first letters. "Tell Winston Churchill I'll have lunch with him tomorrow at one. Tell Bonar Law I'll see him at eight o'clock tonight. Tell Lloyd George to meet me Thursday afternoon at four." Then he looked at me forgetting who I was for a moment, then, "Alexander, make this man a lieutenant", and he was gone.

"The adjutant wants to see you, Jackson." I went to his office.

"Do you paint portraits, Jackson?"

"No sir, I'm a landscape man."

"Well anyhow we want you to go to No. 3, Earl's Court, a large studio there. You will find canvas, colours and everything

you need and Corporal Kerr, V.C., of the 49th Battalion. We want you to paint his portrait."

I went to No. 3, Earl's Court. Kerr was there, a tall Westerner. He had captured sixty-two Germans all by himself. I told him he was out of luck, they had sent a landscape painter to do his portrait. He said it was "O.K." with him, they had given him ten days' leave to have it done. With considerable trepidation I started. The press had announced that all the outstanding British portrait painters were to paint the Canadian holders of the Victoria Cross. Hanging over me was the prospect of being returned to Shoreham.

I drew in the head and rubbed it out many times, and later I scraped out the painting until finally I got a passable likeness and took no more chances. I was still a private, but on the last day when I went to put in the highlights my uniform had come, and I put on the final touches as a lieutenant, much to the amusement of my sitter.

The next day I went to France. Reporting at headquarters, the staff major said "One of Beaverbrook's men, eh? I'd cheerfully shoot him through the back."

The sudden promotion from private to officer was embarrassing. There was much more saluting, too, than when we first went

to France, and it took some time to get adjusted.

What to paint was a problem. There was nothing to serve as a guide. War had gone underground. There was little to see. The old heroics, the death and glory stuff, were obsolete; no more "Thin Red Line" or "Scotland Forever."

The impressionist technique I had adopted in painting was now quite ineffective; visual impressions were not enough. I had no interest in painting the horrors of war, and I wasted a lot of canvas. In the meantime, along with a lot of literary paintings of war, works of deeper import were appearing. Paul Nash's *Void*, Wyndham Lewis' *Gun-pit*, Roberts' *Gas Attack*, paintings in which line of movement were used for dramatic effect. The old type of factual painting was superseded by good photography.

I worked largely from notes, using abbreviations for tones of colours; away from the line I used my sketch-box. I had a small studio on Charlotte Street, London, where I worked up my canvases. The adjutant asked me one day how it was I produced so much work and yet cost the War Records less than any artist on the staff. I told him that if the others had been in the ranks for two years they would know when they had a "cushy" job. The War Records unit moved to Poperinghe at the time the Canadian Corps took over the Passchendaele operation. We were given an isolated house near the railway station. Not a comfortable location as German bombers were round every night trying to get the station. D. Y. Cameron, the Scotch painter, arrived while we were there. He was very apologetic about his rank of major which he did not want. "You know, Jackson", he said, "all these fine young Canadians saluting me isn't right. I should be saluting them." He was a very likeable and modest person. I went to Ypres with him a couple of times and he got material for two notable canvases, *Flanders from Kemmel* and another, both of which are now in Ottawa.

Drizzle, rain, mud and a costly and useless offensive took the heart out of everybody. It was good to get away from it and back to London.

In the Spring of 1918 I stayed for awhile with the 3rd Brigade Artillery. As a war artist I did not get much of a welcome until they found that earlier I had been in the line with the infantry, then they could not do enough for me.

The country round Lens was exciting in a way: permanent lines long established, consisting of a swath about six miles wide of seemingly empty country, cut up with old trench-lines, gun-pits, old shell-holes, ruins of villages and farm-houses, and in the daytime not a sign of life. Of all the stuff I painted round there the canvas I liked best was *Springtime in Picardy*, a little peach tree blooming in the courtyard of a smashed-up farm-house.

I went with Augustus John one night to see a gas-attack we made on the German lines. It was like a wonderful display of fireworks with our clouds of gas and the German flares and rockets of all colours. John was getting material for the big decoration he was commissioned to do for the projected war-records gallery in Ottawa. The cartoon only was completed. He was making studies of Canadian soldiers. I went with Lieutenant Douglas



to select some good types. The studies were outstanding.

Most of the artists working for the Canadian War Records were British. In Canada it was urged that more Canadians be commissioned so in the spring of 1918 Maurice Cullen, J. W. Beatty, Charles Simpson and Fred Varley came over, all with the rank of captain. Cullen was rather conscious of his rank. He had four stepsons at the front (one of them, Robert Pilot, is now president of the Royal Canadian Academy); they were all in the ranks and Captain Cullen had to put up with considerable razzing from his boys.

Getting to the front was difficult in 1918. Simpson did not get to France at all, and Varley not until the final offensive had started, but this was an exciting time and Varley responded by contributing some of the finest work in our War Records.

Simpson and I received 24 hours' notice to move to Siberia and found ourselves back in Canada receiving instructions and getting information about extra equipment. The armistice was declared and the whole business flopped. All I got out of it was twenty tubes

of white paint. It was probably this paint that was responsible for my becoming a snow painter as I had to find some use for it.

Early in 1919 through the efforts of Eric Brown I was sent to Halifax to make some records of the returning troop-ships. Lismer had gone to Halifax in 1916 to take over the art school there and was living at Bedford Basin a few miles out of the city. It was like old times swapping experiences, considering plans for the future, and looking round for subjects to paint. I found material for a large canvas of the Olympic anchored in the middle of the harbour surrounded by tugs. Later I painted it up and exhibited it with the War Records; but they ran out of funds and it was returned to me. It was a nuisance in the studio, so a couple of years afterwards I shoved it in the furnace.

Finally I was back in Montreal where I got my discharge from the army, then I went to Toronto and the Studio Building where a studio was awaiting me. I set about trying to revive the interest and excitement of painting the Canadian scene after an absence of four years and a half.

Prairie Metamorphosis

DONALD W. BUCHANAN

WHAT is the impact of environment on an artist?

As with Gauguin in the South Seas, so also with other painters, new places, new faces do count. But how deep this influence goes, how close to the inner core of creativity, is difficult to answer. When Cornelius Kreighoff, the German artist-adventurer, arrived in Canada, he became so devoted to the Quebec scene, particularly in winter, that he did scores of landscapes of ice-bound rivers and snowy roads enlivened with sleighs and sleds and habitants dressed in sashes and *redingotes*. Yet this influence was superficial, for through all his long sojourn in Quebec he continued to paint snow and ice in accordance with the same formula he had learned years before while a student in Europe.

Changes of time and place can be more fruitful when they release and put into creative ferment ideas previously dormant in the artist's mind.

A young Canadian painter of talent, Kenneth Lochhead, recently has been going through exactly this kind of metamorphosis. In the last four years since he moved from Ottawa to Regina he has been able to bring his painting into a fresh and expressive relationship with his surroundings.

When he won first prize in the O'Keefe competition in 1949, he was already showing a strong, if crude, feeling for the massive rendering of figures in large compositions. However, as an easel-painter he was then perhaps taking his ideas too directly from the muralists. But this was natural enough. After

preliminary studies in Ottawa, he had enrolled in the Pennsylvania Academy of Arts, and while there, among other awards, he won a travelling scholarship for research in mural decoration. His predilections were for spacious conceptions, a lessening of background detail and the use of distortion to give solidity to his figures. But his water colours, of which he did many, were more spontaneous and closer to nature in detail.

These two tendencies continued after he came to Saskatchewan late in 1949. Appointed to teach art at Regina College, he was given a studio in the school building and allowed plenty of spare time for his own work. He wholeheartedly accepted his new life; everything, even the bitter cold, seemed to stimulate him. But what he was most curious about, as a new-comer from the East, was neither weather nor landscape but the thoughts and actions of the people themselves.

In his observations of the human figure, there was nothing new for him to report about the bonal structure and the facial lineaments of *Homo sapiens saskatchewanensis*. Yet there were subtle differences to be noted both in the psychology of those whose lives were lived beneath ever expansive skies and in the emotional dependence of community and family on treeless nature. So he began to frequent more often the villages and the farm homes. Yet what he sensed and what he wanted to depict pictorially defied the limits of ordinary portraiture and the normal symbolism of the muralist.

In Saskatchewan life, a dry humour mixed with traces of either unwitting vulgarity or awkward romanticism had been noticed by other observers. This had been underlined to the full in that much read book, *Sarah Binks*, the satirical biography of "the sweet songstress of Saskatchewan". But such things are not easy to render in paint, although Lochhead has made some brave attempts as in *The Gopher Hunt*.

Certain moods of uncompromising starkness are also always present on the prairies. These, of course, had been recorded before but never with such bold menace as Lochhead now obtained in his large work, *The Kite Flyers*. He could, in somewhat the same con-

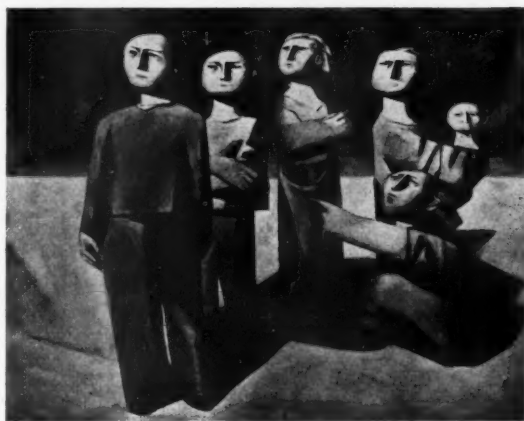


KENNETH LOCHHEAD. *The Gopher Hunt*



KENNETH LOCHHEAD. *Belle Plaine Boy*

KENNETH LOCHHEAD. *The Kite Flyers*



text, be less austere as in *Prairie White Bird*. Many of his smaller oils were landscapes, and in them he concentrated often on the sky itself. Blocked shapes of clouds, cubist in reference, were mingled with strands of darker vapour (the smoke left by passing freight trains); barns and houses, telegraph poles and grain elevators, appearing in the foreground, were always dominated by the full changing liveliness of the upper air. He delighted, too, in such prairie phenomena as

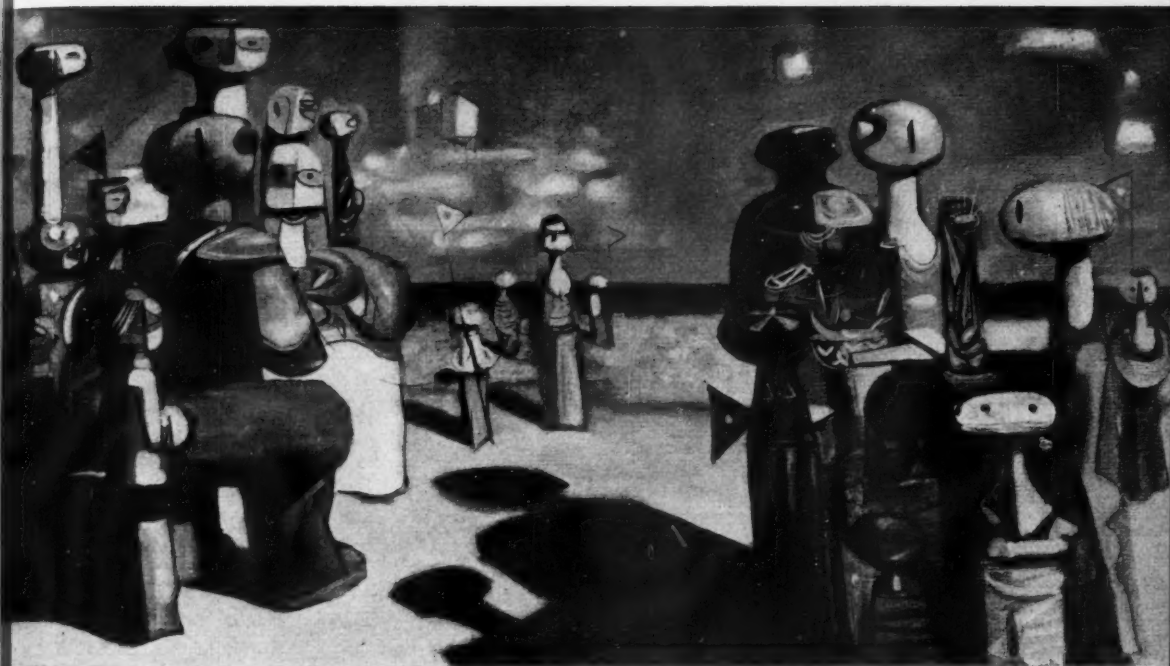
tattered snow-fences which are so common along the railway rights-of-way and which, after a summer's wind, become lined with tumbleweed and old paper.

This year, Lochhead found that he was able to compound from these initial probings a new and more imaginative kind of painting, quite personal to himself. The path he has now taken is not open for all to follow, for its entrance is veiled; yet it allows him, quietly and without too much fuss from onlookers,



KENNETH LOCHHEAD

Prairie Snow-fence



KENNETH LOCHHEAD. *The Dignitary*

to penetrate intimately the hard but sentimental core of Saskatchewan life. His latest works reveal his success.

The menace has gone now from his figures; they have become more highly abstracted and at the same time more decorative. A few are blank as chess-men, others are more individual, some are even gay. Fantasy you say, but not altogether, for these peculiar forms are bathed in the dry light of a Saskatchewan sky and the strong shadows they cast are real. These personages may not at first be significant to you, but they are to Lochhead who has met them before on railway platforms, at village filling-stations and on the roads through the wheatfields. He knows them as well as he knows his own neighbours. His painting, *The Dignitary*, represents a reception by a prairie family and its friends of a prominent visitor, can it perhaps be a visit by the artist himself?

Once you have the clue, once you begin to comprehend his highly unusual morphology, then the psychological power of these paintings crashes into your perception. You

are suddenly awake, you hear the quick sound of a tractor come roaring round the barn and, if you have ever lived in the West, you now recognize these people for who and what they are.

Another picture, *Saskatchewan Coronation*, which Lochhead is only now completing, is similar but it has overtones from the wider world. Here, in a Canadian setting, is offered an obscure poetry in painting akin to the visionary English landscapes of Graham Sutherland. Yet do not mistake this for something derivative; *Saskatchewan Coronation* is as indigenous to the West as is that patriotism which makes the Saskatchewan "CCF'er" of Ukrainian ancestry a more searching, but less traditional, upholder of the Crown than any United Empire Loyalist of Ontario stock. Only an Easterner who really felt at home in Saskatchewan, who was, indeed, more at home there than he has ever been elsewhere (and that is how Lochhead now feels) could have put together such romanticism, such visual abstraction and such earthy realism into paintings of prairie life.

The Saskatchewan Arts Board

ROBERT AYRE

WHILE waiting for the implementation of that section of the Massey Report which recommended the establishment of a Canada Council (somewhat along the lines of the Arts Council of Great Britain) Canadians might well take a look at an institution of this nature which already exists in this country but on the provincial level.

The Saskatchewan Arts Board was created by an Act of the Legislature in March, 1949, to furnish opportunities for the people of the province to engage in drama, the visual arts, music, literature, handicrafts and other arts, to provide leadership and to promote the development and maintenance of high standards in these fields. To achieve these ends, the Board may provide for the training of lecturers and instructors, may grant scholarships or loans to students, and may co-operate with organizations having similar objectives. In its first year, it received a grant of \$2,500 from the Department of Education, to which it reports; last year, it was given \$10,000.

According to the Act, the Board must consist of not less than seven nor more than 15 members, all appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council for one year and serving without recompense. The chairman and vice-chairman are appointed from the Board and the secretary, who is the executive officer, is an employee of the Department of Education. This year the chairman is Dr. W. A. Riddell, Dean of Regina College; Miss Norah McCullough, for some years associated with Dr. Arthur Lismer in the activities of children's art centres, is secretary.

The Board has the power to appoint such salaried technical and professional officers as may be needed to carry on its work and as an example of its development may be cited the recent appointment of Mrs. Florence James as drama consultant. Prominent for many years in community theatre work in Seattle, Mrs. James has conducted the Drama Workshop in the Qu'Appelle Valley for several seasons and she will be now available to help

communities plan local festivals for the province's golden jubilee celebrations in 1955.

The Board has established, also at Fort Qu'Appelle, a writers' workshop, under the direction of W. O. Mitchell, Canadian novelist and short story writer, and a workshop in choral singing, at Okema Beach, under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Roberto Wood of Victoria. This spreads music throughout the province by making outstanding young Saskatchewan musicians available to community organizations which are willing to undertake the promotion and to pay all local expenses. The local sponsors get 75 per cent of the net proceeds and 25 per cent goes to the Board. Thus communities far from the centres of Regina and Saskatoon have an opportunity to hear live music and the young performers are helped in their careers.

After making a survey to discover how much genuine handicraft is being carried on, as distinct from what it calls "busy-work", the Board began encouraging handicraft festivals and it has initiated a project in pottery-making at Eastend, noted for its heavy clay deposits. Equipment was provided and a graduate of the Winnipeg School of Art was engaged to conduct a three-month course.

The Board co-operates closely with the Adult Education Division of the Department of Education, the Saskatchewan Library Board and similar organizations and publishes jointly with the first a bulletin, *Saskatchewan Community*. Each number is usually devoted to a specific theme and these vary widely, for example from group organization to radio production techniques. The Board arranges film programmes and recordings of performances by Saskatchewan musicians, grants scholarships, circulates painting and sculpture.

While it has collections of silk screen and other reproductions, it finds that the people prefer original works and it undertakes many special exhibitions, some originating in co-operation with the National Gallery of Canada, some with the Western Art Circuit. Out

of its own annual exhibitions, alternating between Regina and Saskatoon, it purchases paintings by Saskatchewan artists and it now has 12 works, enough to form the nucleus of a circulating library.

The encouragement of native talent is a laudable function of the Arts Board, but it needs to be balanced by a continuous programme of importations from the other provinces and even from other countries, if the Saskatchewan painters are to develop and the public to acquire tastes and judgments which over-ride local sentiment. The Board is aware of this. In the foreword to the catalogue of the fourth annual exhibition, held last spring in the Saskatoon Art Centre, it states its aim is "to help maintain high standards in creative production" and it sought disinterested opinion by going outside the province for the members of its jury, Mrs. H. A. Dyde of Edmonton, a member of the Board of Trustees of the National Gallery of Canada, and Mr. William Ashby McCloy, Director of the School of Art, University of Manitoba. Nor did the Board shrink from criticism. It boldly published Mr. McCloy's frank remarks in the catalogue. He found a lack of feeling for materials, also too much mechanical imitation

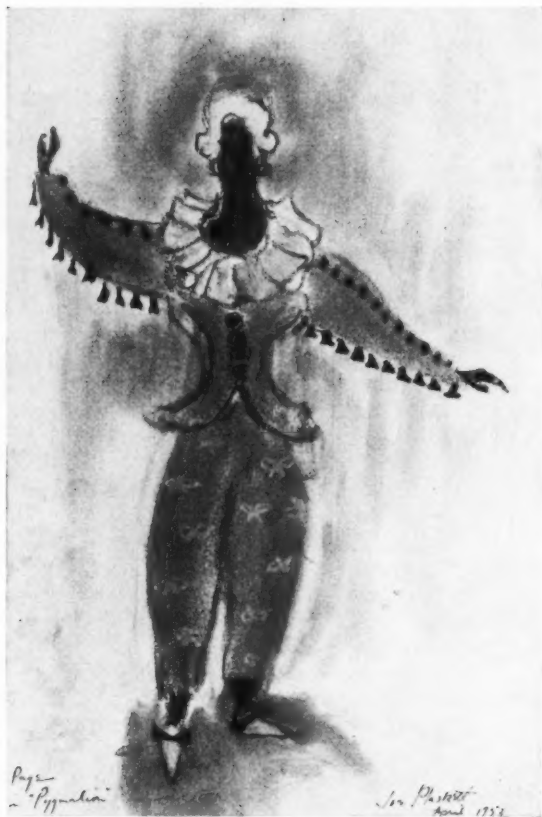
of the Group of Seven, "with resultant sterility and loss of personal feeling"; on the other hand there was "little evidence of either regional or national direction", which he thought was probably a good thing. Most of the painting, he noted, was conservative. Few of the experimental paintings were accepted because they were "modernistic" rather than modern and showed little understanding of the meaning of contemporary forms.

With the help of its Arts Board, Saskatchewan is intensively cultivating its garden. As Dr. Riddell said in his annual report: "It is only by constant reference to the Saskatchewan community and by implicit faith in the human potential for creating, that the Board can fulfil its purpose of enriching life on the prairie." It realizes at the same time that it cannot cultivate a garden which will be worth anything by fencing itself off from outside influences, although it is undoubtedly better off without some of them. Already Mr. McCloy sees fruits ripe for export, in spite of mediocrity: "The best paintings are exceptionally sensitive and their creators should be better known in Canada. They show in general more independence from commercial influences than . . . in neighbouring provinces."

ANNETTE PRESTON. *Coulee in the Summer.* Water colour

Purchased by the Saskatchewan Arts Board in 1952





Vancouver Artists Design for the Ballet

GUY GLOVER

JOE PLASKETT

Costume design
for the page in
Pygmalion, a ballet
by Heino Heiden,
presented by the
British Columbia Ballet

A WELCOME novelty in the 1953 Canadian Ballet Festival, held in Ottawa this spring, was the appearance of décors designed by two Canadian easel-painters of reputation. Their personal and varied approaches to the medium of stage decoration proved interesting and instructive.

The British Columbia Ballet, probably the most accomplished and creative in this year's festival, presented *Daphnis and Chloe* with décors by Jack Shadbolt, and *Pygmalion* with designs by Joe Plaskett. Both these artists have had some past experience in designing for the stage; Plaskett had previously done a striking back-drop for the Royal Winnipeg Ballet's *Visages* (but the costumes were not his), and I remember at least one effective stage decoration by Shadbolt, based on West

Coast Indian motifs, and produced in 1935 for a high school pageant in Vancouver. In spite of these earlier efforts, one must, however, consider Shadbolt and Plaskett as new-comers to the theatre.

The Festival Association exhibited in Ottawa, at the same time as the ballets were being held, original sketches by these artists for *Daphnis and Chloe* and *Pygmalion*. In this way, one was able to compare them with the décors as they were executed on the stage and there animated by the movements of the dancers.

Plaskett's sketches were charming in line and colour and carried out most pleasingly in pastel, but they included no close-up details or technical notes referring to materials to be used or method of construction. The costume

designs, as suggested in the sketches, were whimsical without being farcical, subtle in colour without being overly delicate; they expressed wit rather than "slapstick", which, I fear, characterized much of Heino Heiden's actual ballet rendering of the Pygmalion theme.

If, however, Plaskett's designs were successful on paper, they were noticeably less so when executed for the stage. In costume after costume, the design had been distorted or blurred by the material chosen, by its colour, by its texture or by its weight, sometimes by all three. Very often the line indicated in the original drawing had not been carried out in the cutting, draping or sewing of the costume.

The architectural fragment (rococo in atmosphere), put on paper most dashingly by Plaskett, unfortunately was turned out on the stage as a wretchedly painted "flat", which lacked entirely the proportions of the original

and was ill suited to the needs of the action. In such ways were the artist's sensitive conceptions betrayed.

I was given to understand that Plaskett, having prepared his sketches, left their execution strictly to others. Without, of course, knowing the circumstances in detail, I would hazard that there is where his betrayal began.

Between Shadbolt's bold and colourful (and very detailed) sketches and their realization in cloth and paint there was a much smaller gap. His décors for *Daphnis and Chloe*, a ballet also by Heino Heiden, made a most forceful impression. The warm earth-colours and the glowing emerald sky-drop (it was emerald in the festival, although Shadbolt's sketches called for turquoise) suggested a pagan Greece—to be sure, somewhat sophisticated—but with Ravel's music the paganism was justifiably qualified, a "romantic", rather

J. L. SHADBOLT. *Note-book drawings for costumes and décor for Daphnis and Chloe, a ballet by Heino Heiden, presented by the British Columbia Ballet*





J. L. SHADBOLT. *Sketch for the back-drop for Daphnis and Chloe*

*Scene from the ballet,
Daphnis and Chloe,
showing costumes designed
by J. L. Shadbolt*



than what some may have come to think of as "classic", evocation, drenched in sun, and very much alive.

Shadbolt's costumes were more successful in colour than in texture and weight; the use of materials often appeared too arbitrary. One, however, assumes in all these remarks that the ballet company's financial resources imposed limitations in the choice of materials.

From his original sketches onwards, Jack Shadbolt was in close personal touch with all stages of the preparation of the costumes, properties and back-drop. Even the make-up applied to the dancers (arms and legs as well as faces) was carefully supervised, which indicates how thorough-going was his conception of what constitutes a stage décor and how it should be achieved.

Shadbolt has written: "I think the element I most value in décor is visual surprise—not the imitative approach but design which awakens a sense of wonder and manipulative magic where ordinary things seem extraordinary." The *Daphnis and Chloe* decorations have something of that magic and that wonder, and are a happy augury of Shadbolt's future in the theatre.

In addition to these two special examples, I must mention the standard of stage décor in the festival as a whole. In spite of what was

generally the mere *respectability* of many of its décors, the 1953 Ballet Festival did display a handful of excellently designed ballets, although not all of them were conceived by painters of the stature of Shadbolt and Plaskett. For imagination, taste and effectiveness, this group put to shame most of the décors inflicted on us in the name of professionalism by our two professional companies in Winnipeg and Toronto, the décors of which veer disastrously from overly bright "musical comedy" to overly dowdy "ballets russes". These companies have not apparently heard about the excellence of some Canadian painters or understood that that excellence can benefit ballet. It has remained to the much maligned "amateurs" to be the first to realize this and to take advantage of it.

Any painter, however, who is encouraged to try his hand at stage design (he will need plenty of encouragement for this can be a wickedly discouraging art) might well ponder the varying fates of Jack Shadbolt and Joe Plaskett in their 1953 contributions. The designing of stage décors on paper, and their execution, are but two parts of a single process, in the whole of which the artist, who did the original sketches, should be actively engaged. Not only in Canada but elsewhere artists and "artistic directors" of ballet companies too often ignore this self-evident principle.

The Art of Marthe Rakine

JOSEPH A. BAIRD

THE art of Marthe Rakine, like the personality of the painter, is bright and sparkling; it pours forth a richness of colour which suggests the untiring freshness of life and art. To know Marthe is to find the effect of her paintings expressed in a buoyant, vivacious human frame of reference. There is little of that matter-of-factness in her work which is characteristic of some Canadian painting.

Marthe Rakine's father was Swiss and her mother came from the south of France. Her formal artistic training began in 1926 at the Ecole des Arts Decoratifs in Paris. From 1932, Marthe exhibited in Paris; frequent trips to

the south of France were instrumental in developing that love of light and colour present in all of her painting. After the second world war, she and her sculptor husband, Boris, settled in Toronto. Since 1948 they have lived and worked there; and their studio-apartment on Prince Arthur Avenue is full of the fruits of those years.

It is interesting that during the last war, while she was still in Paris, Marthe Rakine turned her attention to the austere discipline of the Byzantine icon. Painting in the traditional medium of egg tempera, she created a number of works that mirror the rigid, religi-



ous demands of the icon. Literally these are copies; and it is harder to sense the almost imperceptible differences in time which express themselves here, than in the many "copies", so-called, that the painters of western Europe have made to learn the secrets and probe the spirit of their predecessors. Even so, in this restrained and noble translation of hieratic figure types, Marthe Rakine's innate tenderness can be seen, and the humility indicated in such an art form is in perfect accord with her attitude to painting in general. For her, modesty and deepness of vision are the same, as they were to the saints she painted at this period. French dignity unites with Slavic sympathy in her version of that world of mystic exaltation which invests the icon.

When she first arrived in Toronto, Marthe Rakine studied the art of pottery. In her studio there are a considerable group of pieces which attest to her underlying feeling for rhythmic order in form—a rhythmic order that is also decidedly present in her painting, whether it be icon, still life or landscape. In much of the

pottery there is a delicate sense of whimsy, an almost naive gaiety—especially in the slim caryatids and animal shapes. And on the surface of bowl or body are delicious sauces that could only come from a French kitchen. Béchamel and Sabayon, Roux and Béarnaise pour their rich harmonies of brown, yellow and red over the rippled texture of clay.

Though Marthe Rakine has chosen to explore the more sombre, refined possibilities of quiet tones for her pottery glazes, and the enamel-hard simplicity of pure colour for her icons, she explores, particularly in her latest works, a higher and more eloquent colour range in her oils. However, this notable control of fresh, always balanced colour, which gives her painting its irreducible minimum of School of Paris elegance and subtlety, is not the only key to her method. Fundamental is a strong feeling for relationships, a quality which more closely connects her with the whole range of painting from Poussin to Cézanne. Like these masters, she seeks an equivalence for the formal order of trained vision. Like the impressionists, and particularly like Bonnard, she seeks an approximation in colour for what she knows, rather than what she sees. This search, for tones and shapes that are a transposition rather than a description of nature, is basic.

As she works, Marthe Rakine tries to equate the necessary artifice of painting with the love of all forms of beauty so deep within her. Her one desire is to construct a painting that is not only ordered, but spontaneous in effect; that is serene, yet full of music and joy; that is proud, in its execution, of all the rich material potential of oil pigments, yet humble in its conception. If these aims seem general and lacking in novelty, it is only because they are part of a tradition which no French-trained painter can afford to forget.

By preference and by experience, Marthe Rakine has limited her expression particularly to still life or still life with figures. The concentrated possibilities in form, space and colour for composing still life is apparent in her feeling about flowers. Long after the flowers themselves have lost their bloom, they still have a marvellously stimulating power for the painter. Marthe Rakine approaches them

MARTHE RAKINE

Below: Pottery figure

Right above: St. Helena

Icon, Tempera on wood

*Collection: Marquise Hélène
de Virville, Paris*

*Right below: Girl in a
Green Arm-chair*

Opposite page: McKellar

*Collection: Hart House,
University of Toronto*



Courtesy: Laing Galleries

with the same love as when they were fresh; for to her, as to Matisse, it is not the perfume and heat of life only that are important but, rather, it is the intuition of that formal splendour and tonal freshness that makes painting more enduring than nature herself.

During her life in Paris, Marthe often used the garden of her mother's house, in the outskirts of the city, as a landscape motif. In Canada, during a summer outing to the north, and sporadically during many day trips to the Don Valley, to the nearby countryside, she has sought to transfer to Canadian subjects the order of her still life and figure pieces, and of her French garden scenes. Like Goodridge Roberts, she sometimes takes the sprawling space of a field or hillside, and makes it echo the rhythm of its component breaks and planes. More than most Canadian artists, Marthe Rakine knows how to bring out of the chaos of wild vegetation and the glory of blue skies a colour *rapprochement* which will not too strongly oppose the restless variety of nature.

Recently, Marthe has tried using strong red-orange accents, particularly in parts of the drawing, which have given her works a fauve exuberance and incisiveness not seen in some of the earlier landscapes. By transferring this

method to still life, she has injected a new crispness and dash into her painting in general. Instinctively she feels the need to avoid gaudy patterns or the banality of the silk-screen; but like many artists, she has found that strong colour is one of the glories of maturity. This has given a vibrant, almost vocal quality to a technique that can be as refined at *forte* as at *piano*.

In the future, it is certain that Marthe Rakine will continue to paint with the same verve and excitement, with the same inherent sincerity, as she has in the past. It will surely be the luminous and endlessly varied themes connected with still life or seated women that will attract her most. The powerful simplifications and, from Marthe's point of view, the essentially inhuman qualities of cubism and abstractionism are basically part of a different approach than hers. Something of their regard for order and adjustment of shape to space enters into Marthe's carefully balanced compositions; but above and beyond the calm repose of *nature morte*, is the compelling and all embracing sparkle of sunlight playing over meridional roofs. "Le monde s'endort dans une chaude lumière—la, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté, luxe, calme, et volupté."

MARTHE RAKINE. *White Jug and Quinces*
The Art Gallery of Toronto



What Have Amateurs Done to Canadian Art?

GEORGE ELLIOTT

SINCE 1945 no other single social phenomenon has flourished as well, or as widely, as the community recreation movement. Nearly every community has felt the need for organized activities for adults and children. A new career, that of recreation director, has been born as a result of this enthusiasm. Night classes are filled to capacity in high schools across the country. Some communities are even fortunate enough to have buildings devoted exclusively to recreation. Carried along in the mainstream of the movement, painting as a recreative hobby has attracted hundreds of dozens of people.

What happens when an adult of pleasant intelligence takes up painting as a hobby?

First of all, a hurdle must be cleared: painting means classes to attend, and classes suggest a confession of educational shortcoming. Therefore, excuses are made. "Painting will be good for me." "Painting will help me to a better understanding of the masters." "Painting is therapeutic, doctors say so."

To help the reticent ones, believers in recreation say, "Painting is fun. You don't have to be able to draw. You'll paint a complete picture in your first class. Anyone can paint. Look at Churchill."

Always the accent is on the *means*. Or the end is disguised as therapeutic or uplifting. A work of art is the last possible result of the current brisk amateur painting movement. Of course, Sunday painters are harmless and this piece is not aimed at putting them in their place. Rather, the aim is to put embryo and mature artists back in *their* place.

The advent of the amateur painter has confused the entire picture. At one time there were few schools for painting, but these few followed the time-tested teaching methods: drawing from the antique, drawing from the life, painting from the life, outdoor sketching as a kind of reward for faithful hours of work indoors. Now, so widespread has the urge to paint become, it is possible for charlatans to make a modest living by encouraging the un-

talented. The amateur movement has put flattering new emphasis on the life of the artist. Art, using the word carelessly, is fashionable, acceptable and exploitable. The amateur is a valued source of income for painters with more experience who wish to teach. Thus the amateur painter has been placed in the orbit of serious young painters who will pass on their knowledge of the craft. Then the teacher-painters sometimes involve the amateurs with the established "contemporary masters" by encouraging them to meet. The three commingle, and quite rightly so, because the amateurs give to the others the enthusiasm and respect that they like. The teacher-painters give the amateurs some direction. The established painters, the living artists, provide the goal for all. Each is nourished by the other, and at the edges of the three groups it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between them. The teacher-painters don't become "contemporary masters", the amateurs don't step up to the level of teacher-painters. Further, the picture-viewing public often cannot tell the difference between them.

For instance, one of the most difficult problems for the gallery-goer nowadays is to distinguish between the work of the anxious amateur and the embryo artists. How do you tell them apart? Certainly not by looking at what exhibition juries select. Nor by the amount of attention given Sunday painters in the newspapers. One good way to distinguish between them is to compare their bodies of work. The serious young painter with something deliberate and mature to say in his painting will have tried a number of media and his individuality will be evident in all media. He will have advanced through several stages of "borrowing" from earlier artists. His emergence from a Picasso period will have been celebrated long since.

The anxious amateur is more limited in his media and there is no particular individuality to his work. For him it is an achievement if he reminds his friends of some known painter.

The serious young painter knows that the ability to draw is the foundation of art. He looks for and admires good drawing. His own line is growing clean and confident.

The anxious amateur has been told a dozen times, "just rough in the basic outlines with raw umber and turpentine and correct the drawing as you lay in the colours." His line is rough, smeary, dubious.

One complicating factor is that amateurs sell their paintings. By cultivating what facility they have, by concentrating on subjects of sentimental or local appeal, they sometimes produce marketable merchandise, but it is not art. One cannot quarrel with the expenditure of money for local or sentimental reasons, but the sale puts the serious young painter at a disadvantage. What must he think of the audience when he sees the money go to someone who is painting for relaxation? The economics of art are precarious at best, but the sale by an amateur tends to encourage more amateurs to offer their work for sale and in the ensuing sentimental exuberance the work of the serious artist, young, old or middle-aged, is submerged. The amateur movement has focussed more eyes on more paintings than ever before. It has been a livelihood for teacher-painters who would otherwise have been compelled to find other less profitable means of livelihood. However, I do not think it has been of much help to the dedicated young artists who have more than sentiment to put on canvas.

The rise of the amateur has coincided with a great rise in national wealth. There is more money than ever before to spend casually, but instead of the artist coming into his own at last, the money is being spread thinly over all kinds of painters. The amateur who paints for relaxation or therapy gets a little. The teacher-painter gets a little. The artist who paints because he *must* gets a little too. Purchasers nowadays, with plenty of money to spend, do not need to care whether the purchase is art. It can be stuffed in a closet when it begins to be a bore and no loss is suffered.

The advent of the amateur into exhibitions has introduced a certain sameness to the exhibitions. Amateurs are imitative. Palettes are undistinguished. Subject matter is monotonous.

Drawing ability is not apparent.

One result of the amateur movement is the non-representational area into which many good painters have been driven. The non-representational painters are turning their backs not on realism, nor on the current social mood, but on the amateurs. They do not want to run the risk of being seen or associated with the energetic amateurs. Non-representational canvases are obscure on purpose. Obscurity or private meaning is a strong redoubt in which to work free from the enthusiasm of the amateurs.

The amateur movement can be held largely responsible for the great advances in abstract painting in recent years. A characteristic of Canadian painting is a strong sense of design,—design that stands up over the years. This dates back to the twenties, to the Group of Seven and later, to the followers of the Group who have carried its theses of design into new, delicate, vigorous, subtle and meaningful areas. Canadian abstract paintings have an enduringly decorative quality. The next step is to introduce flesh and blood or emotional symbols. Maybe the amateurs will be the catalyst here, too.

A final effect of the amateur movement: it is easy to sneer at paintings by amateurs and this results in a greater number of what I call, "art snobs in search of the big cultch". These are the people for whom culture is all, and art, music and drama are their meat. These are the experts in faint praise. Knowledgeable, workmanlike, competent, skilful are the more common words that carry their sneers. Since sneering is such a clever way to indicate cultural superiority, they sneer at nearly every picture they see. Gallery-goers now sneer at the pictures and at other people's opinions of the same pictures. Painters sneer at the gallery-goers and at each other. The cult of the big sneer is trying to scoff our painters to death.

The amateurs are having fun and more power to them. They have brought turmoil into Canadian art since their post-war pre-eminence began. To be sure, an artist or two will come out of their ranks, but their true value is difficult to estimate because the by-products of this strong Sunday-painting movement are so hard to assess.

Contemporary Mural Paintings from Western Canada



Mural by J. L. Shadbolt for a recently erected office building in Vancouver

The Mural Related to Architecture

MODERN architecture, especially the severely functional forms we find in contemporary schools and small office buildings, seems to demand decorative relief such as can be given through murals or sculpture. As usual in Canada, Vancouver appears to be leading the way towards such solutions. One such mural is the one painted by J. L. Shadbolt for the two-storey office building recently erected by Cockfield, Brown & Co. Ltd. on Melville Street in that city. Done in a colour scheme of golden tan, white, brick red, slate black, deep olive and grey, it forms part of the architectural unity of the structure. The firm in advertising its new offices gave equal credit to "architect, contractor, muralist".

Shadbolt's decision to do a completely abstract, instead of a figurative, composition was based on considerable reflection. He was not a novice in this field by any means, for he

had already done large decorative compositions based on West Coast motifs for hotels in Vancouver and Victoria and he was also widely read in the history of mural painting. His conclusion was that any truly valid statement of social themes in this medium today was difficult if not impossible. But let him give his explanation in his own words.

"To begin with," he writes, "we do not build buildings now with that same belief in their permanence which previously reassured the artist about the enduring existence and meaning of his work. We accept the idea of change and that the building itself may be rebuilt, re-decorated or re-modelled within its honeycomb frame within a period of twenty or thirty years. In theme, too, we have no conviction about a set of durable symbols in which our whole society has a common belief, nor a sense of permanence in mythology

which could produce a stability of style. . . . Even the architecture to which such a work would be adapted is in flux.

"The Mexicans appear to be the only ones who have produced the social mural in our time and for the obvious reason that their society has been fused end to end with a collective sociological-political urge that needed common public statement. It takes a relatively simple-minded passion to produce a great mural. Too much analysis would produce alternative meanings and doubts. The Mexican movement has already reached self-consciousness. Tamayo is no Orozco. The late Rivera is no early Rivera. . . .

"When one considers in retrospect the whole output of the mural project of the Works Progress Administration (done before the war in the United States) one can conclude, I think, that very few of its murals have the power to outlast their period. They are too obviously doctrinaire, too graphic, their symbolism is not detached but too immediate.

"Belonging to the kind and of the quality which has the greatest hope of lasting, I feel, is Ben Shahn's mural for the textile industry in the United States. This is directly related to a basic industry, an honest record, honestly integrated with the factory building, keeping clear of the doctrinaire preaching and withal craftsmanly and modest. It has neither the raw-boned flamboyance of Benton nor is it purely decorative; it is rather 'documentary'

in the finest tense as are the photographs of Cartier-Bresson and Walker Evans. There is, as I see it, a future in this attitude, especially since the only patron for larger mural work today is industry.

"It has always struck me that Braque could have made a superb muralist. His lyrical decorative configurations, his relatively static movement, make him ideally suited to contemporary architecture and, indeed, that is how his larger canvases function when hung on clean-cut walls all of a piece with contemporary furnishings. Superb decoration, providing it takes its impulse as an expansion of the architectural concept and thus disciplines itself by its relation to structure, still offers contemporary artists, as in the past, a possibility for a mural expression of genuine quality. And the abstract idiom is ideally suited to this situation."

Shadbolt has also been doing a mural for his own new home which he has built on a superb look-out point near the top of Capitol Hill in the Burnaby section of greater Vancouver. From this experience he has evolved the following idea which he finds to be useful, "to include, as a functional part of the architectural design, a definite mural area, structurally belonging, but," he explains, "rather than painting the mural permanently on the wall I suggest a movable panel which can be changed, as for the seasons, yet which remains more related to the architecture than would an individual picture. At the same



"... Braque could have made a superb muralist."

GEORGES BRAQUE

Le guéridon rouge

time," he adds, "this concept keeps me close enough to my world, one primarily of the easel rather than the mural painter.

"I had always wanted to be a mural painter but I had long since been discouraged by being unable to conceive of the present-day mural as permanent enough to bear a load of serious content. Now that I have come to accept the idea of change as our norm, I accept temporariness, and this allows me to cease thinking of the mural only in epic terms, with all their consequent problems, and to focus on the personal, intimate and lyrical aspects. If a work is truly fine it will last in idea and memory and, if necessary, modern reproductive methods can always record it.

"So, even if only for a time, why not have something truly personal and pay tribute to mood, fragrance, delicacy, evocation, occasion, sensory delight? I should not condone,

however, any of that lush proliferation which has lost specific relation to architecture.

"The Japanese have induced permanence from paper houses. I have been looking more and more at their marvels of screens, their panels and their scrolls. Since the flexibility of the wall as a screen is perhaps the key aspect of our present architecture, the mural and the screen or the mural and the panel may have much in common.

"I can visualize a mural panel, woven with the inventiveness of say Mariska Karasz, made entirely of grasses to endure only for an autumn. For Christmas week we weave another panel as we change from flowers to evergreen boughs. The process of living, surely, is as vital as the fixity of monuments. We need both; but, for a time perhaps, to accept the ephemeral may help us increase that savour of living which is nearly lost."

The Mural as a Ballet in Paint

TAKAO Tanabe, a young painter of Japanese extraction, came last year to Vancouver and began exhibiting interesting paintings in an "abstract-expressionist" style. The approach he favoured had always seemed to me to offer architectural possibilities *par excellence*, so I at once wondered whether he would like to do a mural. I accordingly offered him the opportunity to experiment with an isolated 18 by 17 foot wall which we have in the centre of our gallery at the University of British Columbia.

At this time, Tanabe was living in quite a small studio and painting water colours and he welcomed the chance to work on a larger scale. He commenced by using "Super-kemtone" wall-paint with a water base. For a domestic product, this paint has remarkable brilliance and a good, although not complete, range of colours. It mixes easily, dries in 10 to 15 minutes, and covers in one coat, an ideal medium for painting large areas quickly.

At first Tanabe had only two colours on hand, a dusty medium blue and a deep terra-

cotta. He opened these two cans with gusto and applied the paint in a series of breathtaking flourishes to the existing cream-coloured surface of the wall; the initial forms were created and the entire wall was covered inside of an hour. These first forms were of two sorts, those which grew naturally out of the width of the three-inch brushes he was using and others of a more calligraphic nature which stemmed from Tanabe's understandable feeling for oriental techniques. To view him at work during this original session was like observing a ballet in paint, a ballet of forms created by the motion of the artist's wrist, elbow, shoulder or spine.

In a later session of two to three hours, almost all of this first composition disappeared beneath a new one. This second painting had a more extended range of colours including black, white, bright red and a yellow called "Caprice". This "Super-kemtone" yellow is remarkably vivid and has some depth. The mural became riotously violent, full of fascinating organic forms and stimulating hues. Yet it was explosively out of scale with its site and obviously had to be toned down.

Tanabe was now painting during the open

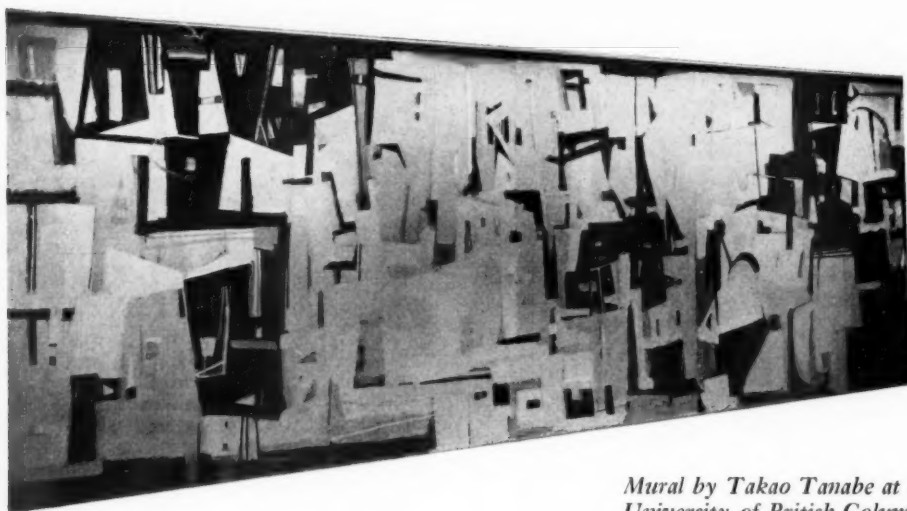
Editor's note: Tanabe, having been recently awarded the Emily Carr scholarship, left Vancouver this October to study in Europe.

hours of the gallery and so he attracted an informal audience of students. During several more sessions he kept working rapidly and, as he worked, the mural literally moved and grew before one's eyes. To the students, the experience was an education in the emotional significance of form. As they watched, they were able readily to develop a sympathy with the painter's decisions, both emotional and aesthetic, as he swiftly created, modified and destroyed forms.

Naturally the artist ran ahead of his audience. One could only sigh over certain apparently ruthless deletions he seemed to make as he went along. I was reminded of a saying of Picasso, that in the course of a painting the artist stumbles across many beautiful effects but that these must be ruthlessly exterminated. I had always thought of this as an

mural lie fallow for a while and he did not touch it again for over three weeks. He then proceeded to bring it to its present state of "completion". As his concern was now for general relationships of areas, he allowed many of the earlier organic forms to disappear. These he simplified or replaced by more nearly flat and geometrical planes, while curves or fuzzy contours tended to give way to straight lines and defined edges. Also textural variations were lessened as areas were blocked in more solidly. Finally, the colour tonality was reduced.

The reproduction on this page shows the mural as it is today. Yellows and two tones of white are played off against three areas, left, centre and right, which include dominating black forms. Small windows have been left in the composition through which earlier stages



Mural by Takao Tanabe at the University of British Columbia

anti-aesthetic pronouncement, but clearly all that Picasso meant was that the artist must not be seduced from his purpose by charming irrelevancies. This we learned by watching Tanabe at work.

A horizontal coherence of areas along the 18 foot width of the wall, however, proved difficult to achieve. Faced with some indecision at this point, Tanabe decided to let the

of the work can be seen. This underlying patchwork of green, red, orange-tan, blue, grey and terracotta, gives depth to the whole.

Tanabe devoted about eight sessions over a period of two months to the mural. Yet he worked so fast during each slow session that he could not have spent more than fifteen hours all told in painting it. He thus regards it as a "mural sketch".

RENÉ BOUX

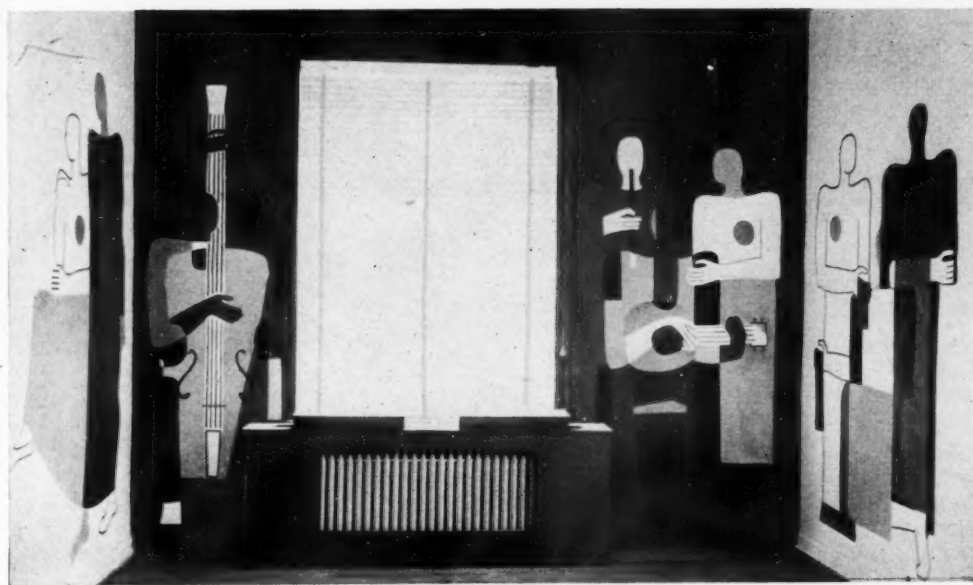


Photo: Courtesy, Star-Phoenix, Saskatoon

Mural by W. Perehudoff for a reception room in Saskatoon

To Create a Livable Space

BILL Perehudoff began as a self-taught artist in a small Saskatchewan community. He was a young farmer, son of Doukhobor parents. When he was about twenty, he saw his first art exhibition on a visit to Saskatoon; he came away from it convinced that he, too, wanted to paint. So he began to depict what he saw about him: ragged frame farmsteads, grain elevators and farm animals. One of his early efforts, which showed hogs at the trough, he patriotically labelled *Bacon for Britain*. But he was not content to remain a naive painter with a primitive approach. He wanted to learn more about his hobby, and the more he studied it, the more it became his career.

Art lessons, received by mail, were all the help he could obtain at first. Later he had an opportunity to attend a night class in painting put on in a neighbouring small town by the provincial adult education services. Afterwards he won a scholarship to the Colorado Springs Fine Art Center and went on to further studies in New York and Paris. In

between times, he was back in Saskatchewan on his farm. During seeding and harvest seasons he worked behind his tractor on the prairie and then, in winter, he came into town to paint in a makeshift studio rented in the corner of a warehouse.

At one time, he had been employed in a packing plant in Saskatoon. During a slack period, the owner of the company, Fred Mendel, encouraged him to try his hand at painting large designs to adorn the plant cafeteria. The resulting efforts, symbolic of the meat-packing industry, were pretty crude and direct, although honest enough in conception.

From then on, Perehudoff's ambition was to become a muralist. He learned the technique of fresco under Jean Charlot in Colorado and then he took advanced studies under Amadée Ozenfant in New York. These he characteristically topped off by coming back to Saskatoon and seeking a day-labour job as a plasterer. Only then did he feel fully capable of doing his first large permanent fresco, a

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commission received from his faithful patron, Mr. Mendel, for decorations to cover the walls of an entertainment or private reception room in the Intercontinental Packers Plant in Saskatoon. This commission he finished early in 1953.

A corner of the completed fresco is illustrated here. It reveals a new sophistication of theme and approach in this artist's work. How blandly neutral is his choice of subjects (the figures represent the arts) and how formal is the cool architectural pattern of the composition! Commenting on this, Perehudoff writes that his aim was not so much to select a suitable subject as "to create a livable space" out of the area assigned him to decorate.

The room had ten-foot high walls and was broken by large portals and windows and so was a difficult area for his purpose. As the artist explains: "The two side walls were painted white in order to create a feeling of openness. It was then decided to make the north wall blue, taken over by a yellow ceil-

ing to a south wall of olive green. The different coloured walls created movement around the room, and a unity of opposites. Since the room is used almost exclusively for entertaining, I used the arts as the basis for a creation of forms. The free forms with intervening colours created a unity of line and opposing colours. The method used was conventional fresco technique. A first coat was built of three parts coarse sand, one part lime, and a small amount of cement. The second coat used the same proportions, but omitted the cement."

His success in "the creation of a livable space" out of what was, in the beginning, an awkwardly planned room is told by one observer who writes that his frescoes "bring the dimension of the room down to a conversational level". This same observer adds: "On these backgrounds, his figures take on the appearance of figures in an Egyptian frieze—they don't seem to be painted on the wall so much as to take their form from it."

DONALD W. BUCHANAN

Where to Exhibit 1953-54

<i>Society or Sponsor</i>	<i>Location and Opening Date</i>	<i>Final Date for Entries</i>	<i>Address for Application Forms</i>
Alberta Society of Artists, Winter Exhibition	February 12, 1954 Calgary	January 15, 1954	Herbert Earle, 2110-16th St. S.W., Calgary
Annual Saskatchewan Exhibition	March 8, 1954 Regina	February, 1954 Limited to Sas- katchewan artists	Miss Norah McCullough, Saskatchewan Arts Board, 1100 Broad St., Regina
Annual British Columbia Artists' Exhibition	September, 1954 Vancouver	September, 1954 Limited to B.C. artists	Vancouver Art Gallery, Vancouver
Canadian Society of Graphic Arts	April 1, 1954 Toronto	March 1, 1954	Julius Griffith, 102 Hillsdale St. W., Toronto
Canadian Society of Painters in Water Colour	January 22, 1954 Toronto	November 28, 1953	Miss Doris McCarthy, Scarborough Bluffs P.O., Ontario
Manitoba Society of Artists	February 28, 1954 Winnipeg	February 13, 1954	Victor Friesen, 130 Green Ave., East Kildonan, Man.
Maritime Art Association	October, 1954	September, 1954	S. D. Healy, Teachers College, Fredericton, N.B.
Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, Spring Exhibition	May, 1954 Montreal	Early April, 1954	Edward Cleghorn, Montreal Museum of Fine Arts
Nova Scotia Society of Artists	March, 1954 Halifax	February 10, 1954	Mrs. Charles Manuel, 23 Hawthorne St., Dartmouth, N.S.
Ontario Society of Artists	March, 1954 Toronto	Early February, 1954	H. S. Palmer, 170 St. Clements Ave., Toronto
Royal Canadian Academy	November 27, 1953 Toronto	October 16, 1953	Fred Finley, 63 Warland Ave., Toronto
Sculptors Society of Canada, Silver Jubilee	November 21, 1953 Montreal	November 12, 1953	H. M. Miller, 24 Chesterfield Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
Society of Canadian Painters-Etchers and Engravers	March 3, 1954 Toronto	February 12, 1954	Mrs. Anne Smith Hook, 32 Mountview Ave., Toronto
Western Ontario Exhibition	May, 1954 London	April 19, 1954	Clare Bice, The Public Library and Art Museum, London
Windsor Art Association, Essex County Artists Exhibition	February 5, 1954 Windsor	January 18, 1954 Artists from adjoining counties only	Kenneth Saltmarche, Willistead Art Gallery, Windsor



Photo: Courtesy, Journal of the R.A.I.C.

Brazil Selects Contemporary Canadian Painting for Sao Paulo

Canada's second contribution to the *Bienal* of Sao Paulo has, at the specific request of the Brazilian authorities, been organized by the National Gallery of Canada on strictly contemporary lines in accordance with the selections made by a Brazilian representative who visited Canada especially for this purpose. This group of paintings totals 58 works by 24 artists; it will be on view from December to February in the Palace of the States in which this representative international exhibition is housed.

Coast to Coast in Art

SUZANNE GUITÉ

Mother and Child

This wood sculpture, shown in the summer exhibition of the Robertson Galleries, Ottawa, is now in the collection of Raul José de Sá Barbosa of the Brazilian Embassy, Ottawa

From Toronto and its region come water colours by David Milne and Will Ogilvie and some interesting compositions by three "new Canadians", Jacqueline Gilson, Oscar Cahén and Kali. Among the Montreal selections are offerings verging on surrealism from Borduas, Bellefleur and Dumouchel, expressionist examples by Brandtner and Muhlstock, distinguished abstractions by Marian Scott and Michael Forster and some forceful yet basically serene paintings by Roberts and Jeanne Rhéaume.

The West Coast examples are by Binning, Hughes, Lionel Thomas, Molly Bobak, Takao

Tanabe, J. L. Shadbolt and Joe Plaskett. Winnipeg contributes the ebullience of Richard Bowman, the Maritimes the mysticism of Miller Brittain and Ottawa the fancifulness of Dallaire.

An Exhibition for Masses of Sightseers

Over one hundred Canadian paintings were selected this August for showing at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto. The paintings were of a much higher quality than has been common to this display in the past. Ghitta Caiserman, F. H. Varley, Louis Muhlstock, Will Ogilvie and Lionel Thomas showed perhaps the most memorable pictures. One complaint, however, might have been made that there were no canvases possessing that bravura necessary for an exhibition which caters, according to the sponsors, to "two million visitors". Purchase awards went to Oscar Cahén, J. S. Hallman, Yvonne McKague Housser and Roger Larivière.

Art Scholarships for Canadians in Mexico

Several Canadians who have won scholarships in the fine arts offered by the Instituto Allende in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico, are now attending that school. A like opportunity now is open to others, as that school announces for 1954 10 full tuition scholarships for Canadians and Americans and, in addition, one special scholarship which includes both tuition and living expenses.

A candidate should submit 10 photographs of recent work, a brief summary of previous training and experience, and letters of recommendation from former teachers. All material must reach San Miguel by December 1, 1953.

Visiting Physiologists See Canadian Painting

Delegates from all parts of the world who attended the International Physiological Congress in Montreal at the end of August and the beginning of September had an opportunity to see an exhibition of contemporary Canadian painting, arranged for them by its women's committee, under the chairmanship of Mme Albert Jutras. The paintings, about fifty of them, were hung in the Faculty Club of McGill University. Robert La Palme's *History of Medicine* was exhibited in the lounge of the Physical Sciences Building. One of the brightest ideas of the Congress, in so far as the hosts were concerned, was Mme Jutras' inspired choice of an unusual souvenir for the wives of the delegates. Claude Vermette, the ceramist of Ste-Adèle, was asked to make six hundred ceramic brooches, each one individual in design and colour.

Winnipeg and Vancouver Show Italian Renaissance Paintings

Continuing with its policy to bring to Winnipeg a succession of exhibitions covering all phases of art history, the Winnipeg Art Gallery is showing this October a group of 43 paintings of the Sienese, Florentine and Venetian Schools, which have been borrowed from Canadian and United States museums, collectors and dealers, entitled "Great Masters of the Italian Renaissance". Tintoretto, Parmigianino, Giovanni Bellini, Bordone and Palma Vecchio are among the important artists to be represented. Afterwards these paintings will be shown at the Vancouver Art Gallery for a month beginning November 15.

Canadians on Fellowships Overseas

As the year in Europe for Jack Humphrey, Alfred Pellán and Clare Bice, made possible by the Canada Fellowship, closes, another opens for Goodridge Roberts, Louis Archambault, Stanley Cosgrove and Robert La Palme. While waiting word from the first three, we are sure their experience has been greatly enlarged and that these fellowships given by the Canadian govern-

JACQUELINE GILSON. *The White Fruit Bowl*

One of the paintings chosen for the Bial of Sao Paulo, Brazil



ment will benefit not only the individual artists but Canadian art as a whole. Just before he left for Paris with his wife and son in August, the caricaturist La Palme said that he hoped to learn mural painting and to study animated cartooning. He is planning a show of gouaches and oils on the theme "Personnages Legendaires du Canada" before he returns home. Louis Archambault, who was accompanied to Paris by his wife and his two young sons, intends to spend some time in good French ateliers practising and developing his knowledge of *les arts du feu*. He wants to specialize more thoroughly in ceramics, stained glass, enamels, glass and heat-treated metals, not only for himself but for the benefit of his students at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, the Ecole du Meuble and the Montreal Museum's School of Arts and Design. At the same time, relieved of the teaching routine, he hopes to go deeper within himself, perhaps re-orient his point of view and do some sculpture. Goodridge Roberts says he has no definite plans, he just wants to paint and look at pictures. He would like to exhibit in Paris and London. As for Stanley Cosgrove, the other Montreal painter who has won one of these fellowships, he states that he will not limit himself to Paris but will travel throughout France studying Romanesque frescoes.

Alberta Offers New Courses in Art

The Fine Arts Department at the University of Alberta has now been enlarged in scope. For one thing, students proceeding to a degree of Bachelor of Arts will in future, if they demonstrate the aptitude and inclination, be allowed to take enough special courses in the fine arts to permit them to major in that subject. The other change is the introduction of a four-year diploma course in art.

Students working towards a diploma will divide their time almost equally between practical studio work in drawing, design and colour and lecture and essay courses in the theory and history of art. Besides having completed university matriculation, applicants seeking entrance to the diploma course must pass a special examination in art.

More Advanced Art of Western Canada Presented by University of Manitoba

The new building recently erected for the library of the University of Manitoba contains a well designed gallery for exhibiting paintings and other works of art. On the occasion of the dedication of this structure at the end of September, an exhibition entitled "Progressive Painters of Western Canada" was formally opened by Dr. Lawren Harris of Vancouver.

This was assembled by the University of Manitoba with two aims in mind: to show the number of competent "modern" painters now active in the West and to correct the impression widely held by many in the East that the art of western Canada is superficial and illustrational. One painting by each artist participating will be chosen for a travelling exhibition to be sent on the Western Art Circuit this winter.

"The artists in the West", writes William Ashby McCloy in the foreword to the catalogue, "are divided into two major groups: the Conservatives, those mainly concerned with skill in rendering . . . and with emphasis on good taste; and second those whom I term the Progressives, who are more concerned with personal interpretation and with emphasis on design and material."

"The problem of the Progressive painter is not a simple one. He, like every artist, is to some degree concerned with finding a style that is both international and national, both public and personal. In general when 'modern art' first appears, it seems strangely anonymous and usually more decorative than personal, with little relationship to the immediate environment of the artist. This I do not feel is the case in the West. While international styles are recognizable, they seem to have common denominators, especially a concern with interpretation of *visual* experience instead of preoccupation with ideas and feelings in the abstract, or with design for its own sake."

CARL SCHAEFER. *Autumn Landscape*
Purchased by His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada for presentation to H.I.H. Prince Akibito of Japan on the occasion of his visit to Ottawa



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NEW BOOKS ON THE ARTS

ART EDUCATION FOR SLOW LEARNERS. By Charles D. Gaitskell and Margaret R. Gaitskell, 46 pp. + 23 ill. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. \$1.50.

It can be said fairly that this book is what the authors set out to make it, that is a helpful guide for teachers of slow learners. It is, in fact, a useful and practical addition to the ever growing number of good books on art education, and will be, this reviewer predicts, one of those which every young and developing teacher will place upon the library shelf. The conclusions of the authors derive from their belief that artistic activity is natural to mankind and that it can be developed in accordance with the awakening and strengthening of critical judgment. They state that children with an intelligence quotient as low as 50 may profitably engage in artistic activities, that approved teaching methods now used with normal children are practical when applied to slow learners.

The findings of the publication are based on a three-year survey of a total of 575 children ranging from idiot to an I.Q. of 89 enrolled in 57 Ontario institutions. The authors are both experienced and active in their fields. Charles D. Gaitskell is Director of Art for the Ontario Department of Education, and Margaret R. Gaitskell is with the Essex Art Unit.

The book is well organized. This reviewer, however, wishes that more emphasis was laid on the qualifications of teachers to instruct in art, for the

teacher who, while unqualified technically, is willing to oblige by handling art classes is in a position to do irreparable damage to the child's aesthetic sensibilities and to thwart his or her other capacities. While books of this nature are valuable in the development of art teaching, they must not become in any sense merely another series of "how-to-do-it". There can be no short-cuts to the proper teaching of art.

G. PAIGE PINNEO

SCULPTURE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By Audrey Carnduff Ritchie, 240 pp., 176 plates. New York: the Museum of Modern Art, distributed by Simon and Schuster. \$7.50.

Whether the Museum of Modern Art timed this book to go with its great exhibition of twentieth-century sculpture this summer, or arranged the exhibition for the sake of the book, doesn't matter: the important thing is, they coincide and together they should give power to the revival of the ancient art which has been so much slighted since the seventeenth century. The timing, of course, had nothing to do with the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Sculptors' Society of Canada, the Museum of Modern Art wouldn't know about that, but the jubilee should focus attention on sculpture in this country and, as they begin to pay more attention to it, Canadians will find this book of great help.



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The Provincial Institute of Technology and Art, Calgary, is now cooperating with the faculty of Education of the University of Alberta by giving the shop courses required in the programme leading to the degree of B.Ed. in Industrial Arts. This programme extends over four years during the first three of which shop courses are given at the Institute. Professional subjects are given at the Calgary Branch of the Faculty of Education. Final year is given at the Faculty of Education, Edmonton.

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The author, who is Director of the Department of Painting and Sculpture in the Museum, explains that he is presenting a personal anthology rather than a systematic history of the complexities of the past fifty years, but he need not apologize for his subjective choice: his taste is catholic and informed; he includes all the main trends and illustrates them generously, relating them to each other, to their context of social and industrial life, and—this is most illuminating—to painting in all its changing manifestations. The most significant factor, he suggests, in the revival of sculpture in the twentieth century is "the diversion of the painter's interest from problems of literary illustration or interpretation to the more fundamental problems of form, space and light."

He discusses, briefly and pungently, the extra-

ordinary variety and complexity of styles, under these headings: the object in relation to light; the object idealized; the object purified; the object dissected, at rest and in motion; the object constructed on geometric principles; the object related to the subconscious. This takes him in modern sculpture from Rodin to Gonzalez and Giacometti. The great ones are represented, Maillol, Lehmbruck, Brancusi, Boccioni, Lipchitz, Moore, Calder, Gabo, Epstein, Picasso, Matisse, Braque, Modigliani, also some not yet well known, the young Americans and Englishmen who are working directly (like our own Archambault) in wrought metals.

The plates are superb, many of the subjects photographed, as they should be, from several points of view.

R.A.

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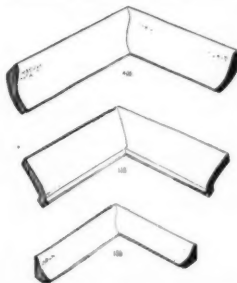
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THE ART FORUM

Dear Sir:

In a previous article I wrote for the spring 1953 number of *Canadian Art* entitled, "Recollections on my Seventieth Birthday", there are some lines on page 99 which have got mixed up. It should read: "I wrote to one of the papers a letter criticizing the National Gallery for neglecting Canadian art. I signed it Cadmium. Instead of it being printed as a letter it came out under a heading, 'Cadmium Flays National Gallery'."

On the same page referring to my experience in the Rockies, it should be: "Sometimes I would borrow a young engineer for company. The young engineers taught me how to get around by sleeping out without blankets and living on bacon, oatmeal and tea."

Yours truly,
A. Y. Jackson,
Toronto

Dear Sir:

About a year ago I secured a little folder containing small prints of some of the paintings of Mr. A. Y. Jackson. These paintings delighted me, and now in your spring number I have a few more of his paintings and his fine article. I hope you will urge him to write his life story. There are paragraphs in his short article which should be expanded into chapters,—his trips into the north country, his summer with the Guertin family.

Mr. Jackson is one of the few men who can use a pen as well as a brush.

Yours truly,
John W. Beveridge,
Forth Worth, Texas

Dear Sir:

My painting *Manitoba*, which you reproduced in colour in your summer number, was done quite some time ago. I do remember that the stook in the foreground was not very well built so I tore it down and rebuilt it the way I thought it should be, having learned the art the hard way, trying to follow the binder. Very likely the combination of the trees, still green, and the gold of the harvest fields struck me as a good subject. I am sure the fence leading into the

trees was also a considerable inducement. I was always fond of the queer shapes of old fence posts. These become so very much a part of the ground.

It was painted in the morning and I now recall the smell of the grain in the stooks and the dampness of the grass when I crawled under the wire of the fence and the very lovely sky that appeared just when I wanted it (it doesn't happen too often).

When I was teaching at the school I used to plan my summer vacation pretty carefully so that I would get the maximum of painting done in the time. I worked close to home until about the middle of August, on a time-table, and then for the balance of the time, would go on a bit of a holiday on a farm in southern Manitoba, a part of the country I knew very intimately from my holidays there as a kid.

These last two or three weeks were always the highlight of the summer's work and always something I liked specially resulted from them.

Yours truly,
LeMoine FitzGerald,
St. James, Manitoba.

CONTRIBUTORS

Joseph A. Baird, formerly with the Department of Art and Archaeology, University of Toronto, is now on the staff of the University of California.

René Boux is curator of the University Art Galleries, University of British Columbia.

Guy Glover, who is a producer with the National Film Board of Canada, has previously surveyed progress in the ballet in Canada for this magazine.

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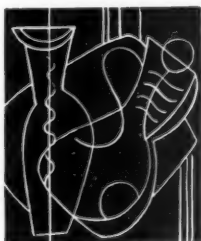
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